

A Dozen Leaking Buckets: A Chapbook Adam Fieled



#717

On why it has to be that writing
comfortable garbage is the inevitable
byproduct of living comfortably, with
each fresh hell I wonder why the hooks
towards artful utterance are set this
way, & why I must become such an oyster
just to confer into a leaking bucket,
insecurely hung from abraded cables,
a blue droplet not even of blood but
of nectar, or wine, or whiskey—

#1547

this is
what
words
amount
to—
festivals
of ash,
collapsed
into urns,
held
up by
timid folk
for the
bold to
scatter.

#1901

Conshohocken power lines in the rain—
edges of buildings cut through whitened
sky, as rising light topples privacy for
squat-dwellers on the Schuylkill— I see
power defining itself in lines, acrobatic,
space-consonant, but always working
within suburban, subaltern parameters—
eternity decoyed from a rusty beneath.

#2009

Imagery is cheap, with nothing beneath—
play a pretty part in puppet-world, against
all but solipsism, is what you chose, as
now you're quarantined beneath the
weight of your pretensions, impaled
on the permanent lightning of your
own cruelty doubled back— you can
see yourself on the set, directing the
action, mouthing the lines, arranging
the press, except your body remains
nailed, it is no cathedral, and in the
corner the bucket holds only your shit—

#2021

America has its own pathetic fallacy—
not that the moon loves the clouds,
but that someone who knows us
really loves us, is watching from
above, tying together loose ends,
reducing boundaries, corralling the
populace into a virtual arena where
we watch ourselves defeat all foes
eternally. Just as mountains kiss the
sky, all things happen for a reason,
things right themselves in the end.
Now, we're pale for weariness,
wandering companionless, and if
we're climbing heaven, we feel hellish.

#2030

For those with roots in a cesspool,
for whom family history is bathing
in muck, there can be no question
that symbolic language solves any
problems— behind a square glass
façade, there are only acknowledgments
of prevailing currents, with/against
us, always a sense of arbitrary,
rootless movement, continual
transgression, moments fathered
into existence in hopes of some
seminal thrust, as we're borne
ceaselessly up from blue waves—

#2042

If you attempt to
create something
solid from language,
all the million
harrows of your
inadequacy must
pursue you, what's
solid is harrowing—

past your control.
As for I, you had
better sacrifice the
whole construct,
complexities & all,
as it is all evanescent,

and circuits back to
language show you
all the magic
prophecies of non-
existence you not
only fulfill, but harrow—

#2057

If you're lucky, you look for
the dread of facing morning,
can't find it— you find what
ever solidity you have, move
on. But its there, & in snow-
piles in parking lots, trees
lining the little Conshy peak,
stores yet to open on Fayette
Street, it hides, waiting to
envelope, dissolve, bury
anyone who falters for even
a minute, in its bloody maw—

#2072

A lesson in the world is
a lesson in how cheap
human life can be— I
walk through the amusement
parks of the “great ones of
the world,” realize that the
only permanent attractions
are intoxicating smoke &
flattering mirrors. If I go
out of my way to eschew
the roller coasters, its
because the upper air is cyanide.

#2090

I'm, I wanted to tell her,
that last bit of Russia you
just can't conquer— so,
as you retreat for the last
time, with knowledge that
the war is turning in my
favor, I sigh that humanity
has to be what it is— a little
extra strychnine in my morning
coffee, to settle me down—

#2094

Three days before Christmas, its
unusually warm, the simple fact
of a solid grey sky redeems what
torturous human complexities I
have no way out of— where the
sky begins is where we end, on
the ground where gutters fit, I
heave my own brain into the sky—

#2104

If I don't have a lot of nerve,
somebody does— trying, in
unspeakably unspeakable times,
to speak the unspeakable—

rain falls on Fayette Street at
dawn, I'm having half a nervous
breakdown, on an acid trip,
pinning branches to the sky—

cover painting is “The Departure of Hector” by Jacques-Louis David

all poems drawn from a larger collection of Apparition Poems completed in late 2013

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